

NARCOTIC SLEEP.

The dim narcissus flickers in his dreams,
And fumes of lilies cast a veiled shade
Across his face: a murmurous magic braid
Of lights and sounds and yellow purple gleams
Of musics rains about him, and mesmeric
The rich lipped poppies have him all the
while.
A Hermes wand doth touch his lips to
smile,
And angle in his soul's sweet water streams.
His brow a sleep fraught seashore where a
sea
Of dreams breaks, lulling, on a land of
smiles.
The violet candelabra of wan Dis
Lidne illumine all the magic isles
Of slumber in him; and in troops they flee—
The shadowless dreams—and as they flee,
they kiss.

—Critic.

PRIVATE BILL.

It was an exceedingly grave matter.
Private Bill refused to come out with his
company.

For five weeks the regiment had been in
barracks in the place, the colonel, being in-
stalled in a really grand adobe hut, where he
roasted by day and froze under a Navajo
blanket at night. And just across the river
was Mexico.

What a sleepy little town it was!
And how white and fierce the light of the
sun! And how black and sharp the shadow!
How hot and baked the wide plaza!
How grimly holy the little church, with its
gilded slender cross atop, for all the world
like a bantam astray from a religious
chicken coop and boasting a fiery comb!

And the priest of the place!
And the not too coy San Marist!

So numerous—and in every case minus a
hair. But as they stood against the gold
background of a Mexican sky it perhaps
accounted for the worship accorded them
by the men who were under the regimental
colors, and who suffered ennui because of
a vain longing to listen to the musical hop-
ping of empty cartridge cases.

But the San Marias were few, and the
longings for escape grew. Even that good
friend, tobacco, failed to comfort and the
splish splash in the river of a night be-
came more and more frequent. And espe-
cially true was this of the company to
which Private Bill belonged.

Ah, that pale stretch of gray land
across the ribbon of gleaming silver!

How it was glistened over by longing
eyes! And the men? They had come to
fight. Very well. But they had not en-
listed at Frisco to be grilled alive in a
torrid little town. And since it seemed
there was to be no fighting for that par-
ticular regiment, many found it convenient
to leave their maces, minus even a parting
call. And in no company were desertions
more frequent than in the company of
Private Bill.

It was a queer company to start with.
Made up in San Francisco, it consisted of
men whose fingers were all more or less of
the link link. From the little drummer,
who had been a printer's devil, to the cap-
tain, who had been a book tailor, they were
all in it. And many of them had sat side
by side in editorial chairs before they be-
came companions of the mess. If they
could have fought they would have done
so, but as for roasting on the spit of war—
well, there was the river and over be-
yond it Mexico, which meant being lost,
like that disobliging but proverbial needle.
So it happened that often of a night might
be heard a splash, a gurgle, in the placid
rippling river, followed by an oath from
the officer of the guard, and at roll call
somebody was missing!

And when all this came to the ears of
the colonel of the regiment he immediately
said that that particular company must be
made an example of. He did not express
it just that way, but he meant that. A
man of varied attainments, the colonel was
singularly original in the matter of lan-
guage. He loved his oath. For instance,
on this occasion he expressed himself
somewhat as follows:

"Great—! Soon I shall have not a
man left! I shall make an exam-
ple of that—company! And pretty
quick!"

"Yes, sir. Certainly, sir," stammered
the little orderly respectfully.

"You go to—!" added the colonel
briefly.

"Yes, sir." And if I have to put the
whole—company in the guard-
house I'll break this thing up!"

The little orderly tried not to look skep-
tical.

That night one of the guards on duty
himself deserted.

"Give my adorations to the colonel!" he
hayed across the river as he climbed out
of the water, shook himself and walked
away.

And the officer of the guard, being fol-
lowingly conscientious, did so, with the result
that the guards themselves were cast in
the guardhouse. And among them was
Private Kerr.

"Call out this—company!" ordered
the colonel as his horse was brought
around to the adobe hut. "I'll see what I
can do with 'em!"

And then it was that Private Bill re-
fused to come out with his company.

He even whistled scornfully as he sat at
the door of his tent and kicked his heels in
a reveille against a big box which a com-
panion had stolen from the provision tent.

"You tell 'em when they let Private
Kerr out of the guardhouse I'll come,"
said he, and went on with his heels and
their reveille.

That was all. He would not talk about
it, but just sat there kicking and showing
his wicked white teeth, squinting his
merry eyes and wrinkling the freckles
which profusely adorned his nose and
cheek bones. There was nothing remark-
able about him in any way except his ob-
stinacy.

As for the colonel, he nearly fell off his
horse when he heard of it. Then he looked
angry in a strange, businesslike way.

And he never once swore.

That fact alone struck a cold chill down
each spine in the company. For the colo-
nel cursing in his own unique manner
was the colonel they all knew—a human
tinderbox with an enormous stock of
oaths. But now—he only looked very
quietly at the ground, and those nearest
heard him mutter:

"This is mutiny and shall be treated ac-
cordingly!" And the company was treated
to death.

"It's a sharp little brute," said one man
reflectively. "An 'e must know the colo-
nel 'ill have 'is way."

"What 'is 'e up to?" pondered another.
And each stared, lost in thought.

"'E always was that spunky!" said an
orderly to the captain.

And so he was.

"He won't do Kerr no good," growled a
big fellow who used to set type in the cap-
tain's printing house.

Which was true also.

"What kind of a looking fellow is he? I
don't seem to recall him," said the colonel
gravely, his eyes still on the ground.

"He ain't much to look at," answered the

captain. "He's made up of a sharp black
eye—and freckles. And he's got grit."
"Too much," pursued the colonel, still
without an oath. "But send again. You
said, I think, before that he is young. Give
him another chance."

"You tell him I'll come out with the
company when he lets Kerr out!"

This was again the remarkable answer
given by Private Bill. Just a tattoo with
his heels, a grin on a not too clean face
and a shrewd pair of eyes looking out un-
der an army cap. For the rest, a blue clad
figure remaining placidly seated on the
provision box.

"Young fellow, you're too rapid. The
colonel's business. He says it's mutiny,
and 'tis. Do you know what that means?"

"I know what that means," rejoined
Private Bill from the box coolly.

"If you'll come along off from that box
and be sensible and save that nerve of
yours for your first battle, you'll come out
of it a general," and the orderly hesitated.

Private Bill laughed.

"It means—a court martial."

Private Bill leaned over and picked up a
straw.

"It means—death."

Private Bill nonchalantly chewed his
straw, made a very face and said as he ex-
pecteded it: "He won't shoot me."

"And the orderly turned away."

A blaze of sunlight on the plaza of the
little town. A regiment drawn up to form
three sides of a square. A white and cruel
glitter of steel. A breeze which waited
breathless, allowing the regimental colors
to hang like a wilted tulip on its stem, and
the only bit of scarlet in a picture where
all was blue—blue sky, blue river and
the blue of the army men. And a little church
strutting like a bantam with shining comb
crowded out a hymn.

And facing it all alone indomitably, with
the spiteful look of a cornered mouse in
his half shut eyes, stood Private Bill.

For it had indeed come to this.

He was to be shot for the most preposter-
ous bit of unreasonably folly which had
ever entered into a youngster's head. He
was a trifle white—that was all. As a soldier
as a young owl he stood, every freckle
showing plainly from his pallor, but dis-
playing the same ridiculous grit.

Then a detachment of men were singled
from the rest, each whiter than the man
they faced.

And Private Kerr was still in the guard-
house.

"Ready!"

"Take—aim!"

"Fire!"

The crash—the rattle of bullets followed.
And then the smoke cleared, disclosing
Private Bill with his freckles a bit more in
relief, but still standing.

Each man had fired into the air.

"They'll never shoot me!" called out
Private Bill.

Around behind the detachment of men
rode the colonel. He was ghastly and
hoarse with emotion. That small alert
figure was strangely imposing, but mutiny
is an ugly thing, and he was a colonel in
the United States army.

He drew his sword.

"You level those guns or I'll off with
your heads!" he bellowed, beside himself
with rage.

"They won't do it!" piped up Private
Bill.

"God have mercy on your soul, you
young fool!" responded the colonel, turn-
ing his head away—for the fellow was a
lad.

Now.

"Ready!"

"Take—aim!"

"Fire!"

But not a sound. Only a deathlike sil-
ence, followed by several deep drawn
breaths like the sighs of the dying. Slowly
the colonel turned his head.

This is what he saw:

Three sides of a square of men in army
blue standing opposite a bantamlike church
which was crowing out a hymn. A small
detachment of men, with puzzled, foolish
faces, resting on their arms, as they looked
from one to another and then at him.

And facing it all Private Bill, his face
crimsoned in a glorious blush which had
eclipsed his freckles, and whose hands had
torn open the top buttons of his army coat,
exposing a throat and breast as white and
tender as the moonlight of a Mexican
night.

Private Bill was right; the men did not
fire. After one glance the colonel heard a
sigh such as had already saluted his ears,
and managed to ejaculate feebly:

"Well, I'll be—!"

He then added something presumably
less emphatic to the chaplain, after which
Private Kerr was produced from the guard-
house looking very subdued—not to say
silly.

"Do you see that young man?" asked the
colonel of him savagely, pointing mean-
while to Private Bill.

"Yes, sir."

"He was brought here to be shot."

"Yes, sir." But Private Kerr's color was
sickly.

"I have decided to do worse."

"Yes, sir." And Private Kerr grows
green.

"He shall not be shot; but—he shall be
married."

And he—or she—was, then and there.

And when the moon shone on the ban-
tun church, which seemed to sleep with
its head under its wing, a great bass voice
muttered forth from the black pit of an
adobe hut:

"It takes a ——— woman to mutiny
successfully."

"Yes, sir," said the little orderly at the
door.

Which goes to prove that the colonel
speedily recovered the use of his favorite
language.—Johanna Staats in Truth.

Superb Marksman.

Captain Fremantle and Lieutenant Ox-
ley, in 1891, at Bisle, while shooting for
England in the Elcho challenge shield
competition, each scored fifteen consecu-
tive bullseyes. Mr. Love, firing for Scot-
land in the same shooting competition,
also scored fifteen consecutive bullseyes,
while Captains Foulkes and Gibbs each
scored fourteen. A remarkable shooting
feat was that of Private R. McVittie, of
the Dumfriesshire Rifles, in August, 1885,
with a Martini rifle. He scored six bull-
seyes out of seven shots at 200 yards, seven
bullseyes at 300 yards, and six bullseyes
out of seven shots at 600 yards, his score
being 34, 35 and 33, or in all 102 out of a
possible 165.—London Tit-Bits.

An Inexperienced Youth.

Married Man—And you are engaged to
Miss Blankie?

Young Friend—Yes. I watched her a
whole day on a railroad train and became
so interested in her that I followed her up,
got an introduction, and now we are to be
married.

"Was she traveling alone?"

"No, she was with her mother, and her
kindness to her mother is what captured
me."

"But, growlkins, old man, she'll go
on being kind to her mother."—New York
Weekly.

The Fireman at a Theater.

A fireman when he has to do duty at a
theater has no sinecure if he follows the
rules. He should be at his post on the
stage half an hour before the time named
for the performance to begin and should
not return to quarters without being satis-
fied that the place is from no cause in dan-
ger of fire.

His first and last duties are to explore
the stage and notice all sources of danger,
such as wings, traps or openings for stage
effects, flies, border light shields, and in-
sist on accumulation of dust or rubbish
being removed. He must also have an eye
on colored fires, calcium lights, powder,
pyrotechnics, and even fireworks, and see
that they do not imperil either person or
property. He has also to look after handy
water or extinguishers, and to see that
both are ready in a moment for emergency.

The theater fireman has standing in-
structions for such emergencies to be alert,
but by example to calm apprehension, in
fact, to make himself so conspicuously in-
different as to belittle the peril. He must
also note and report each and every viola-
tion of the laws regulating places of amuse-
ment, listen to no one if he is sure that he
is performing his duty, and brook no inter-
ference. He is for the nonce superior to all
theater attaches in surveillance over gas
fixtures, and can order those who manage
the gas and electric lights to do whatever
he may think best to prevent fires or acci-
dents.

He also has to be sure that on the pro-
gramme is printed a correct diagram of the
theater, with its exits, and to test the fire
alarm box so that he may be sure it is in
working order. In doing all this he knows
that the instructions to his superior, whose
duty it is to visit him, are that such visits
shall be at irregular times, so that he may
not know the precise time of being under
inspection.—New York Times.

An Artificial India Rubber.

About eight years ago the hydrocarbon
"isoprene," which had previously been
identified among the products of the de-
structive distillation of crude rubber, was
discovered among the volatile compounds
obtained by the action of moderate heat
upon oil of turpentine. Isoprene can be re-
converted into true elastic rubber by the
action of strong acids, such as muriatic.
Dr. Tilden who originally made the dis-
covery referred to, not long ago produced
from turpentine a quantity of isoprene,
which after being kept for a few weeks be-
came thick and sirupy, with lumps of
hard, elastic substance floating in it.
These lumps proved to be true rubber, and
are supposed to have been formed by the
accidental presence of acetic or formic acid
in the solution. This rubber appears to be
analogous in every respect to the natural
product, and is equally susceptible of vul-
canization.

The discovery has been followed by ex-
periments to ascertain the feasibility of
manufacturing rubber from turpentine on a
commercial scale. An interesting field
for experiments has been opened up by
this discovery, for, if as is possible, other
resins are similarly susceptible of conver-
sion into elastic compounds, products pos-
sessing properties of peculiar value may be
developed, and in any case the dearth of
rubber which has existed for some time in
consequence of the wholesale destruction
of rubber forests is likely to give no fur-
ther cause for alarm.—Exchange.

The Virtues of Saffron.

To the virtues of saffron whole volumes
have been devoted, references to some of the
more important of which are given in
Canon Ellacombe's "Plant Lore and Garden
Craft of Shakespeare," where there is a
long article on the subject. The plant was
chiefly used for diseases of the lungs,
whence came its title of *Anima polmonum*;
for assisting the eruption of measles,
smallpox, etc. (in measles it is still occa-
sionally prescribed); as a cardiac and gen-
eral stimulant, and as a digestive and
strengthening of the stomach. To this last
(supposed) virtue its use in "meats" is due.
Lyte says that so taken it "comforteth the
stomack and causeth good digestion, and
sadden in wine it preserveth from drunken-
ness." It was also used as a love philtre,
and still enters largely into some popular
recipes for "making up" horses.

The most extravagant notions of its
powers were formerly held, and some old
writers went so far as to term it the king
of vegetables. Even so late as the middle
of the last century it held a prominent
place in our official dispensaries, but it
has now come to be used only as a coloring
and flavoring agent, being medicinally al-
most inert, its property (such as it is) being
mildly stimulative.—Notes and Queries.

Novel Horseback Riding.

When riding by night on the pampas I
used to enjoy lying back on the horse till
my head and shoulders rested on the ani-
mal's back. My feet were raised till they
pressed against the horse's neck, and in
this position, made by practice safe and
comfortable. I gazed at the starry sky,
seeing nothing of earth, but letting my
mind absorb the impression created by the
vast circle of the heavens glittering with
innumerable stars.

To enjoy this method of riding thoroug-
hly the rider must have perfect confidence
in the sure footedness of his horse, and the
horse must have a similar confidence in
his rider. The animal must go over level,
grassy ground and at a swift, harmonious
pace.

Then the illusion is that of soaring
through space—an enchantment heighten-
ed by the muffled sound of the hoofs on
the soft sward, which suggests the rushing
of wings.—"The Naturalist in La Plata."

Gourmand and Epicure.

Pleasing the palate is the main end in
most books of cookery, but it is my aim to
blend the toothsome with the wholesome.
The term gourmand or epicure has been
strangely perverted; it has been conceived
synonymous with a glutton, who will eat
as long as he can sit, and drink longer than
he can stand, or like the great eater of
Kent, whom Fuller places among his
worthies, and tells us that he did eat with
ease thirty dozen pigeons at one meal, at
another eighteen yards of black pudding.
—"Cook's Oracle."

Hedges in City Parks.

Hedges cut no figure in the parks of this
city. There is only one piece of hedge in
Central park—a short double row leading
to the gatehouse of the big reservoir. Its
success, however, shows what might be
done. It has been growing twenty years
perhaps, and it has reached a condition of
perfection seldom attained by rural hedge
rows. It is more than 4½ feet high and
2½ feet wide and is trimmed to a compact
mass.—New York Sun.

Only a Nickname.

Joseph is a witty head waiter. One day
during a hot spell a guest said to him:
"This waiter is pretty hot, isn't it, Jo-
seph?"

"Be jabers," he responded, "hot is only a
nickname for it?"—Detroit Free Press.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Advertisements in this column will repay
perusal.

GOETZ'S BULLETIN.

We have again accepted the agency
for the celebrated "LADIES' TEN-
DER FEET SHOES." Will sell
them again under the same guarantee
and as low as ever.
Goods damaged by flood will be sold
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Expands with every motion of the foot. They
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cakes, toys, etc., is full and complete.
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1,000.....\$.50 | 10,000.....\$ 3.75
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Stick them everywhere and help ad-
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They are the same as the "care" on
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and notion business at my old stand,
No. 108 South Jefferson street. For
them I bespeak the patronage of my old
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with a new stock of goods trust to re-
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DUGGAN & SAUTER.
October 10, 1892. 101410d

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Has removed his office to the corner
of Salem avenue and Jefferson street.

Office hours: 8:30 to 10 a. m., 2:30 to
4 p. m., 7:30 to 8:30 p. m. 9231m.

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of our city. It is not confining itself to any one
piece of property, as building and loan men some-
times say, who are jealous of our company be-
cause we are a friend of the laboring man and
do not charge him any membership, premiums,
etc. This company is no building and loan
company, but a Building Company, incorporated
and run by men of honor and ability. The
company's standing is very good, having sold
the past six months nearly 3,000 paid-up shares
and about 8,000 shares on installments, and is
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